

THE
Lightning



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H. Bessie R. Williams



*From
Nora Park*

Annual

Published by the

Senior Class of Rex Hospital Training School for Nurses

Nineteen Twenty-three

Raleigh, North Carolina



Trustees of Rex Hospital

MRS. JOSEPHUS DANIELS, PRESIDENT

MR. W. B. WRIGHT, SECRETARY

MR. J. M. NORWOOD

MR. W. H. WILLIAMSON

MRS. J. T. ROWLAND



Dedication

TO THE CITIZENS OF RALEIGH
WE, THE SENIOR CLASS OF 1923, DO RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATE THIS THE FIRST ANNUAL OF
REX HOSPITAL TRAINING SCHOOL
FOR NURSES



OLD MANLY MANSION (1908)



Foreword

To give to the citizens of Raleigh, our former patients, the practicing physicians, the former graduates, and other friends of the Hospital, an idea of the growth, activities and life of our institution, and to show our appreciation to all those who have either directly or indirectly made it possible for us to join the host of nurses who are giving their lives to fight the great giant, Disease, we have humbly put forth our best efforts to the compilation of this book.



REX HOSPITAL, FACING NORTH



The History of Rex Hospital

Rex Hospital was established under the will of John Rex, who died on January 29, 1839. A fund amounting to nearly \$10,000 was given the trustees from this estate, which was invested and reinvested until April, 1861, there was reported over \$35,000 in stocks and bonds, most of which became worthless by result of the war. The trustees realized what they could from these stocks and bonds, and invested until 1893, when the solvent securities amounted to about \$30,000.

On August 4, 1893, the present site (the old Manly Mansion) was purchased from the St. John's Guild, then a hospital. Some repairs were made, an annex built for colored patients, and the Hospital was opened May 1, 1894.

The new Rex Hospital was built in 1909 and opened in October of the same year.

The Hospital is managed by a Board of Trustees, nominated by the Board of Aldermen, or Commissioners of the city of Raleigh, and elected by the Supreme Court of North Carolina.

Rex Hospital cares for the indigent sick of the city without charge. A visiting staff from the Raleigh Academy of Medicine treats the indigent sick without charge. The



Hospital is maintained by voluntary contributions and a donation each year by the city of Raleigh, and the income from the care of the pay patients.

On January 12, 1909, the laying of the cornerstone of the new Rex Hospital was conducted by the Grand Lodge of A. F. & A. M. Hon. R. H. Battle, President of the Board of Trustees, delivered the address.

November 19, 1909, Rex Hospital was dedicated to the city of Raleigh. Addresses were made by Mayor J. S. Wynne, Dr. A. W. Knox, Mr. George W. Watts of Durham, Dr. H. A. Royster, and Hon. R. H. Battle. In Dr. Royster's address, the definition of the word "hospital" is beautiful indeed. In former days a hospital was looked upon as a place for travelers and a rest for the weary. In his address he said, "The word has practically the same meaning as 'hotel,' and in Paris the largest hospital is called 'God's Hotel.'" Such a beautiful meaning of the word "hospital."

Rex Hospital as it now stands is divided into four buildings, connected by corridors in the shape of the letter 'H, namely: The Administration Building, two patients' buildings (one the former Nurses' Home), and the Surgical Pavilion.

The Administration Building is approached by a beautiful driveway passing through a handsome porte cochere, and is devoted entirely to the business department of the hospital. On the right is the main office; on the left is a neat reception room for visitors and patients; beyond, on the same floor, is found a Consultation Room, the Laboratory and Drug Rooms, the Record Room, X-Ray Department and rooms for the Superintendent and house doctors.



THE PATIENTS' BUILDINGS

On entering the Hospital, straight from the front, one views the new addition, South Wing, which was formerly the Nurses' Home. The first floor consists of private rooms—large and airy; the second floor being a large, modern Maternity Hall.

Connected to this wing by corridors is the Medical and Surgical Division. The male patients occupy the first floor, while the upper story is devoted to the female patients.

THE SURGICAL PAVILION

To the right of the main office lies the Surgical Pavilion, consisting of a major and minor operating room, sterilizing room, emergency room, supply room; also doctors' dressing and bath rooms.

At present there is no special division devoted to the care of children, but plans are being made to build modern operating rooms above the old one and to remodel the present operating room into a Children's Ward.

Taking the Hospital as a whole, it is a beautiful structure, being built of red brick and trimmed with pure Indiana limestone. The roof is terra cotta tile, which matches thoroughly with the scheme. The new Rex Hospital is one of the best in the country. It is not pretentious or costly, but it fills the need of the Capital City, and its atmosphere is such that it makes for "getting well" to the patient who is so fortunate as to enjoy its care. It was declared by the "News and Observer" in 1909 as "The Crowning Glory of Raleigh."



Surgical Staff

General

DR. A. W. KNOX

DR. H. A. ROYSTER

DR. R. H. FREEMAN

DR. H. A. THOMPSON

DR. A. C. CAMPBELL

DR. B. J. LAWRENCE

DR. T. E. WILKERSON

DR. K. P. NEAL

DR. E. C. JUDD

Eye, Ear, Nose, and Throat

DR. L. N. WEST

DR. J. B. WRIGHT

DR. U. M. HICKS

DR. M. C. HORTON

DR. H. M. BONNER

DR. M. R. GIBSON



Medical Staff

DR. C. W. BELL	DR. J. S. MCKEE
DR. DELIA DIXON-CARROLL	DR. J. R. ROGERS
DR. H. B. HAYWOOD, JR.	DR. Z. M. CAVENESS
DR. P. N. NEAL	DR. A. C. CAMPBELL
DR. C. B. WILKERSON	DR. J. B. WATSON
DR. J. W. MCGEE	DR. W. B. DEWAR

DR. E. S. WARING

Genito-Urinary

DR. C. O. ABERNATHY DR. CARLYLE EDWARDS

Gastro-Intestinalist

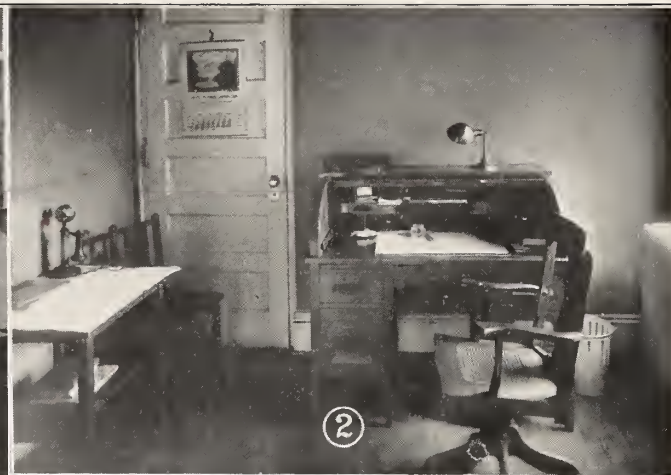
DR. J. R. LOWERY

Pediatrics

DR. A. S. ROOT DR. J. J. PHILLIPS
DR. N. B. BROUGHTON

Röntgenologist

DR. R. P. NOBLE



(1) ADMINISTRATION OFFICE
(3) RECEPTION ROOM

(2) SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE
(4) ROOM ON MATERNITY HALL



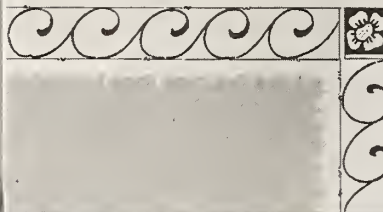
THE FEMALE WARD



THE MALE WARD



THE MAJOR OPERATING ROOM



A MINOR OPERATING ROOM

NURSES' DINING ROOM



THE NURSES' HOME



1. DR. H. A. ROYSTER

2. DR. A. W. GOODWIN
3. DR. A. C. CAMPBELL

4. DR. J. B. WRIGHT
5. DR. P. N. NEAL

6. DR. CARL W. BELL
7. DR. K. P. NEAL



8. DR. B. J. LAWRENCE
9. DR. T. E. WILKERSON

10. DR. J. J. PHILIPS
11. DR. JAMES MCGEE

12. DR. J. R. LOWERY
13. DR. CLARENCE JUDD

14. DR. V. M. HICKS



Motto

SEMPER PARATUS

Colors

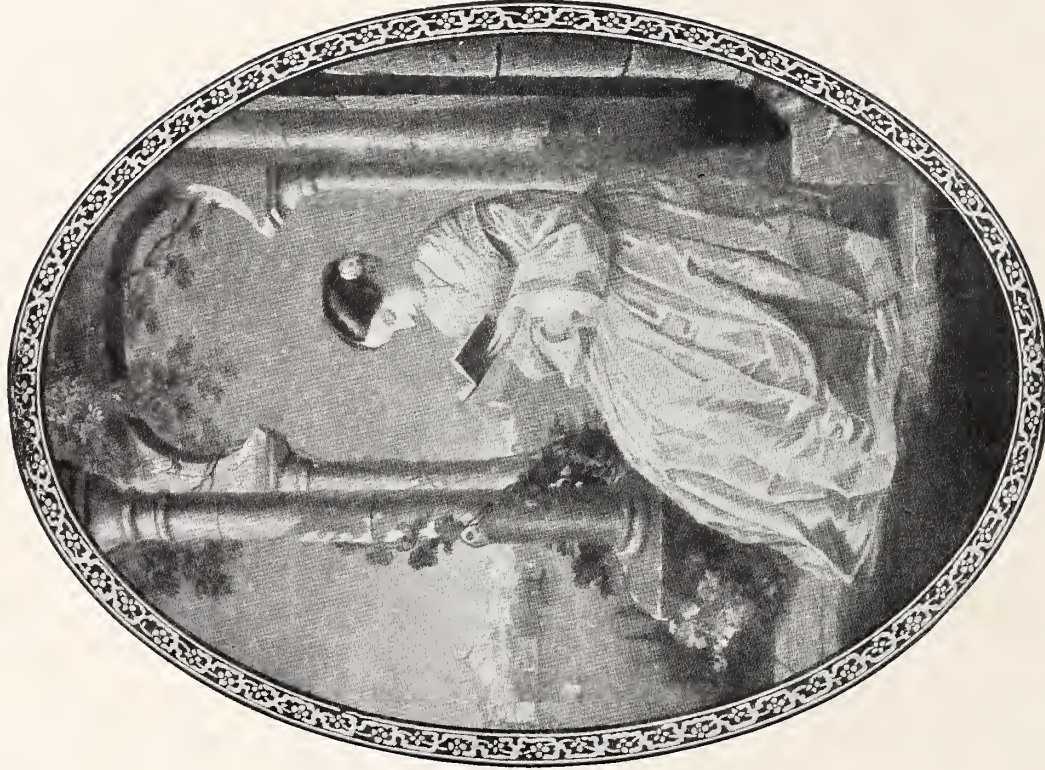
DELFT BLUE AND OLD GOLD

Flower

DOROTHY PERKINS ROSE



The Nightingale



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE



The Florence Nightingale Pledge

“I solemnly pledge myself before God and in the presence of this assembly to pass my life in purity and to practice my profession faithfully. I will abstain from whatever is deleterious or mischievous, and will not take or knowingly administer any harmful drug. I will do all in my power to elevate the standard of my profession, and will hold in confidence all personal matters committed to my keeping, and all family affairs coming to my knowledge in the practice of my calling. With loyalty will I endeavor to aid the physician in his work, and devote myself to the welfare of those committed to my care.”



NORA PARK ✓

*Petite, alert, and keen grey eyes;
A quick move here, a look so wise;
Loved and trusted by every one,
How we shall miss you when you've gone.*

*my nurse while I
was at Rex Hospital*

Twenty-four



AMELIA RICHBOUGH

*Oh, fair and ambitious one,
With your strange, peculiar ways;
Tho' you cause us many worries,
You're a brick in a thousand ways.*



VIOLA KING

*The dare-devil of the class;
We hear a whoop, and we know she's passed;
But sincere, helpful, still full of fun,
Brings you good wishes from every one.*



VIVIAN JOHNSON

*The girl with the dreamy eyes
Who moves so slow, and wonders why
This is, and that must be;
But a good sport, whether or not
She did it right, or just forgot.*

[illegible]



The Class Flower

The Dorothy Perkins Rose!
Within its folds enclose
A fragrance sweet and rare,
And petals tinted pink,
At once make one think
Of God's beauties to us laid bare.

The Dorothy Perkins Rose!
As it flourishes and grows,
While the zephyrs gently caress it,
Teaches beauty and grace,
Are always in place;
And the beholder can only bless it.

The Dorothy Perkins Rose!
A secret must disclose—
This: it blossoms in a cluster,
The single beauties combined as one;
For success, we, too, must muster
Our aims and efforts till we've won.



THE FACULTY



Our Former Graduates

CLASS 1898

MISS ANNIE MERRELL
MISS ANNIE ROGERS

CLASS 1901

MISS LENA LEE
MISS SELMA HAYES
MISS BERTHA BARRETT
MISS ANNIE STURGEON

CLASS 1902

MISS LIZZIE DUNN
MISS GWYNNE
MISS ROSA HILL

CLASS 1908

MISS EVELYN LAWRENCE
MISS HALLIE LANDIS
MISS BESSIE MEECHAM

CLASS 1909

MISS DELLA WHEELER
MISS NORA PRATT
MISS ANNIE BLAND
MISS ELOISE HERRING

CLASS 1910

MISS SIMMONS

CLASS 1912

MISS ROBERTS
MISS VERNER

CLASS 1913

MISS HORMON
MISS GOODPASTURE
MISS HENLEY
MISS THOMAS
MISS LONG

CLASS 1914

MISS DEANS
MISS BOYETTE
MISS KILLPATRICK
MISS ISELEY
MISS MOSLEY
MISS RANEY

CLASS 1915

MISS DICKS
MISS GREENE

CLASS 1916

MISS HERNDON
MISS ROSE
MISS HILLSMAN

CLASS 1917

MISS STALEY
MISS ROGERS
MISS THOMPSON
MISS PENNY

CLASS 1918

MISS PARKER
MISS DAVIS
MISS TAYLOR
MISS CASEY
MISS COLE
MISS KILLPATRICK

CLASS 1919

MISS FULLER
MISS TURNER
MISS JOHNSON
MISS MCHONE
MISS GATEWOOD

CLASS 1920

MISS SKIPPER
MISS MCBEATH
MISS CABE
MISS STRAUGHAN
MISS REDFORD
MISS WATKINS

CLASS 1921

MISS CLARKE
MISS WILLIAMS
MISS TAYLOR
MISS BISHOP
MISS SCOGGINS
MISS KERMON

CLASS 1922

MISS JURNEY
MISS SEYMOUR
MISS BAILEY
MISS WALTON
MISS HUNT
MISS CRUMPLER

CLASS 1923

MISS PARK
MISS RICHBOURGH
MISS JOHNSON
MISS KING



THE TRAINING SCHOOL



The Nurse

(Taken from address of Dr. John T. Burrus, President, North Carolina Hospital Association)

The Nurse is our greatest ally. Without her we could not accomplish many things which are made possible by her service. It is she who watches over the sick and reports her observation to the physician. It is she who whispers words of encouragement to the sick in the battle for life and health. It is she who drives every doubt away and brings encouragement for the continuance of the fight to conquer the disease. It is she who comes to the patient's family and friends and gives out the message of hope which brings them contentment and satisfaction that the best is being done. It is she who soothes every weary moment and makes waiting for health become a joy. It is she who stands watch while the sick sleep, constantly working for the patient's recovery.

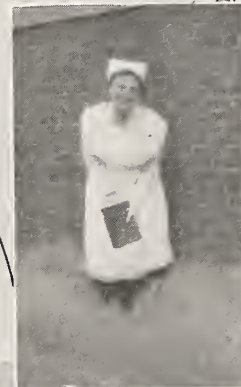
"A nurse is a nurse in spite of all,
But the class of nurses whom I adore
Are the nurses who hear a fellow's call
When all seems dark and his heart is sore.

Who are these nurses of whom I speak?
They are numbered, brave and true;
They do each day of every week
The things that honest nurses should do.

And best of all, they speak a word
Of comfort in a patient's ear,
And tenderly their voice is heard
To say, 'Be brave, and have no fear.'

No other art has greater need
Of melody's refining song,
Whose beauties rare by far exceed
All other that to her belong.

I love these nurses of higher things,
Who seek for good, and not for fame;
And joy to me it always brings,
To hear of Nurses; that's their name."





The Class Poem

The war was over, peace was here
To welcome us to our career.
The whole big universe tranquil lay,
Waiting for the dawn of a perfect day;
With blazing enthusiasm we waited, too—
Although our "Probies'" dress was blue—
For the time our garments would be white,
Just as the nations waited for light.

For our truce we've worked hard and long,
But "Semper Paratus" has been our song.
We've tried to be gentle, tried to be brave,
Whether our patient be gentleman or knave.
We've held before us our initial star,
And Florence Nightingale's ideals are
The ones we've trusted and hoped to attain,
So glorious indeed would be our gain.

We selected our colors, Delft Blue and Old Gold,
Because 'tis the colors, we were told,
The Hospital and City, respectively, had selected;
These aged colors, therefore, were respected
As an emblem of dignity and calm repose;
All hearts were enhanced by the Dorothy Perkins Rose.
In sweet simplicity it bids us climb
Till we reach the heights of nursing sublime.





A Prophecy

RALEIGH, N. C., 1933.

DEAREST CAROLYN:

I can hardly realize that ten long years have passed since we left old Rex—you in the spring and I in the fall. And here I am back again for the first time.

Our train was late in getting in last night, so I was glad to go directly to the hotel—the new one. Oh, I forgot it is ten years old now, but to me it is new, you see. And Carolyn, it is all that we expected it to be. As we drove up from the station it was difficult at first to recognize some of the old familiar haunts, as so many changes have taken place.

I was up bright and early this morning, for I did not want to lose one precious moment; wanted to visit Rex and then, if possible, look up some of our old friends, if they should happen to be in town. The car was late in getting around for me, so I decided to walk. Many were the old memories that crowded my mind as I walked up Fayetteville Street—"our going to the auditorium to attend the musical shows, and then home again all in a bunch, or a mad rush after we had been to the movies, when we were supposed to be in at 10 o'clock," etc., until I found myself in front of the old Nurses' Home. No visible change has taken place there, and as I did not see any one about I went on over to the Hospital. And, my dear, it looks wonderful since the new wing has been added. I saw a few of the old specials, but the majority of the faces were strange to me. I spent only a short time there, and then walked back to the hotel. We had much to do, so did not get out again until after lunch. Fortunately for us that we did not, for as we were entering the dining-room I was attracted by a face which struck me as being very familiar. The lady was seated where I could watch her unobserved, and as soon as the music started and I caught her anxious glance directed towards the balcony where the orchestra was I knew in a moment that she was none other than she whom we knew as Vivian Johnson—as much in love with her Kenneth as ever. After we finished our coffee, I went over to her, and she was as much surprised to see me as I had been to see her. She told me that they were living at the hotel, and that Kenneth now has his own orchestra. They seem as happy and devoted as ever. Undoubtedly, Johnnie has found out that *all* men are not deceivers.



We, of course, gossiped as fast as we could; and she told me about our classmate, Amelia Richbrough—of her final decision as to which of the boys she cared most for; of her course in P. G. work, and then her trip abroad, and that she is at the present time in Reno, seeking a divorce from “poor old peculiar Jule,” whom she had faithfully tried and failed to understand.

Noticing the anxious looks of the waiters, we decided to go on down town and do a little shopping, which I simply had to do before leaving—and, of course, we could talk then and not have some one staring at us. The shops are much the same as usual, and as we paused for a moment in Boylan-Pearce’s, whom should we see but Nora Park. Of course, she is not Miss Park any longer, but it seems more like old times to speak of her as such. There she was holding two chubby youngsters by the hands, and timidly looking over some very small socks. Ten years have not made many changes in her, except that she has lost, or discarded, that assumed professionalism and dignity, and is her own sweet self; but it did seem that she is “undertaking” a little more than she can manage. We talked for a few minutes, but she had to hurry home as it was time for the youngsters’ naps. She urged me to come up to her house, but as we are leaving this evening I had to promise to make it the next time that I chanced to be here in town.

We wandered aimlessly on from shop to shop, until a glance at my watch warned me that unless we hurried back to the hotel I would be left in town. So here we are back again and, as of old, I am waiting for a “mere man” (Sam, of course).

I do hope that I shall find a letter from you waiting for me at home when we arrive there, and as soon as I am again settled will write you.

Sincerely,

“VI.”



LITTLE NURSES

Ten little nurses
Standing in a line,
Along comes an M.D.,
Then there are nine.

Nine little nurses
Awaiting their fate,
Cupid shoots an arrow,
Then there are eight.

Eight little nurses
Discussing heaven,
Undertaker comes along,
Then there are seven.

Seven little nurses
Call in Dr. Mix,
He prescribes an overdose,
Then there are six.

Six little nurses,
All seem to thrive;
One takes anti-fat,
Then there are five.

Five little nurses
Make the doctor sore;
He cusses one of them,
Then there are four.

Four little nurses
Failing to agree;
One consults a specialist,
Then there are three.

Three little nurses,
Visiting the zoo;
One attracts a monkey (M.D.),
Then there are two.

Two little nurses,
Patients they have none;
One decides to take a rest,
Then there is but one.

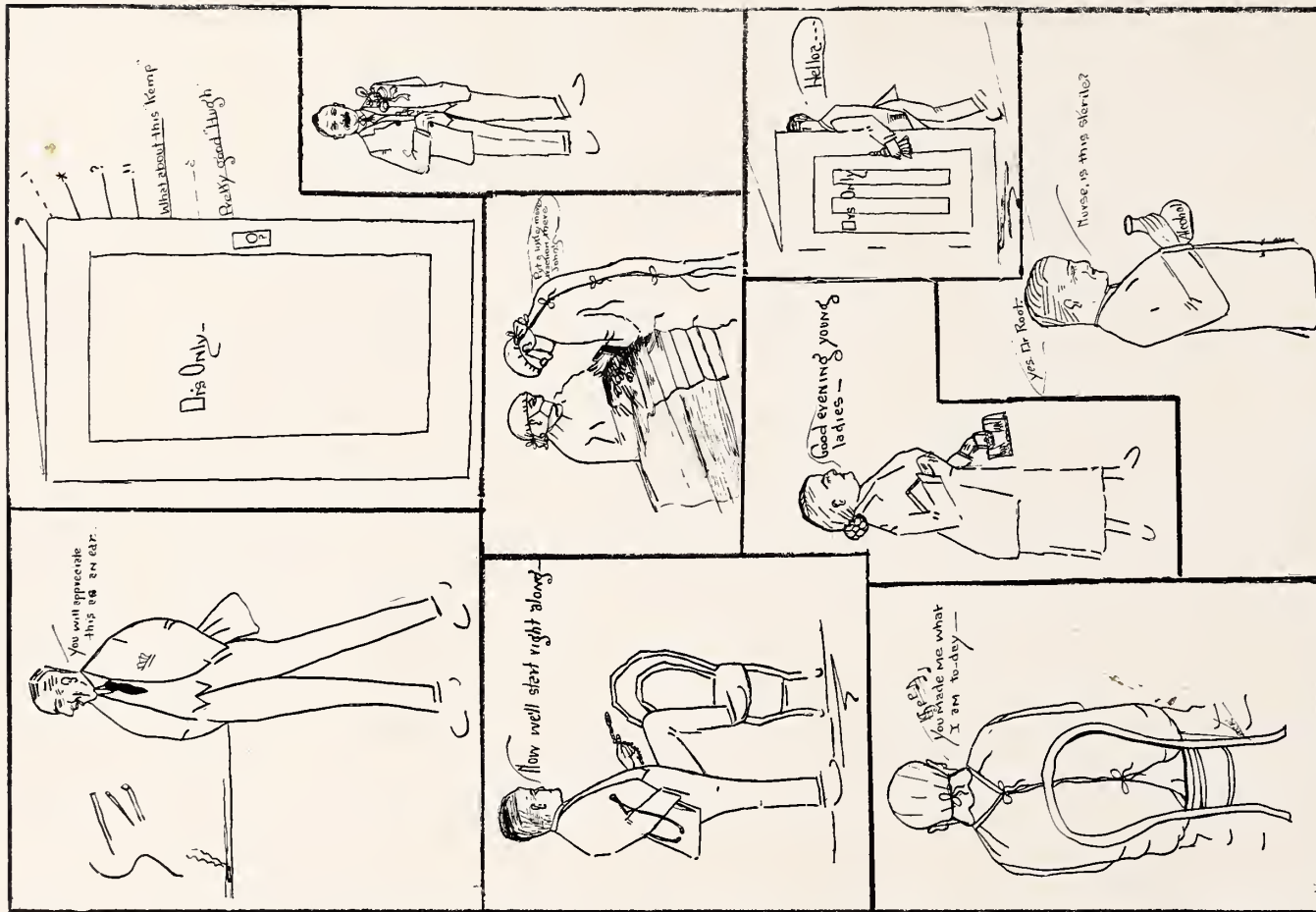
One lonely little nurse,
Not feeling very well,
Consults with all the doctors,
Who sent her straight to HELL.

A CHEMICAL ROMANCE

Said Atom unto Molecule:
"Will you elope with me?"
And Molecule did quick retort:
"There's no affinity."
Beneath an electric light plant's shade,
Poor Atom hoped he'd meter,
But she eloped with a rascal base—
And now her name's Saltpetre.

A CLASSICAL DOCTOR

"What is the matter with me, Doctor?"
"Gastroenteritis."
"And what does it come from?"
"From the Greek."



WHO?



NURSE OFF DUTY

I'M TIRED! Too tired to live,
To sleep, or to laugh, or to cry;
I've given them all that I can give,
And yet I'm too tired to die.

I'M TIRED! Too tired to move
My head, and my hands, and my soul;
Too weary to hate or to love,
To stimulate, soothe, or console.

I'M TIRED—of crutches and canes,
Of bandages, medicine and dope;
Of doctors, dressings, and pains;
Of sympathy; even of hope.

Of letters to open and read
From sister or sweetheart or wife;
The others that question and plead
Will haunt me the rest of my life.

I'm tired of striplings untamed;
They laugh and you love, and they die;
Of the scarred and the blind and the maimed,
And of forcing myself not to cry.

It's the life of a dog or a slave—
This saving the wreckage of war;
You talk of our glorious brave,
But we—ah! we know what they are.

Do I like it—this game I must play?
Does a doom-haunted prisoner sing?
. . . Don't listen. I'm tired today;
Be quiet! Yes, that was my ring. . . .

"No, doctor, quite rested. What, Dan?
Not red-headed Dan from Duluth?
He shan't die! . . . We'll save him!" she ran;
For such is our Kingdom of Youth.

—Selected.

DO YOU REMEMBER—

A time when three probies were four minutes
late?

When peanuts were escorted to the classroom?
Slipping to Sam's, with Nina chasing?
Eating sardines on the railroad track?

"NOTICE!" No smoking in the Nurses' Home?
Our struggle to learn to toddle against the
Superintendent's rule?

When one petticoat served to keep the whole
Training School out of trouble?

CIGARETTES? A NIGHT OF NIGHTMARES!
A midnight roof dance in nighties?

A stray chicken, "Bill," which was cooked in
the autoclave?

Mr. "Yuno"?

Bathing Betsey?

Twelve p. m., "Young ladies, what is the mean-
ing of this?"

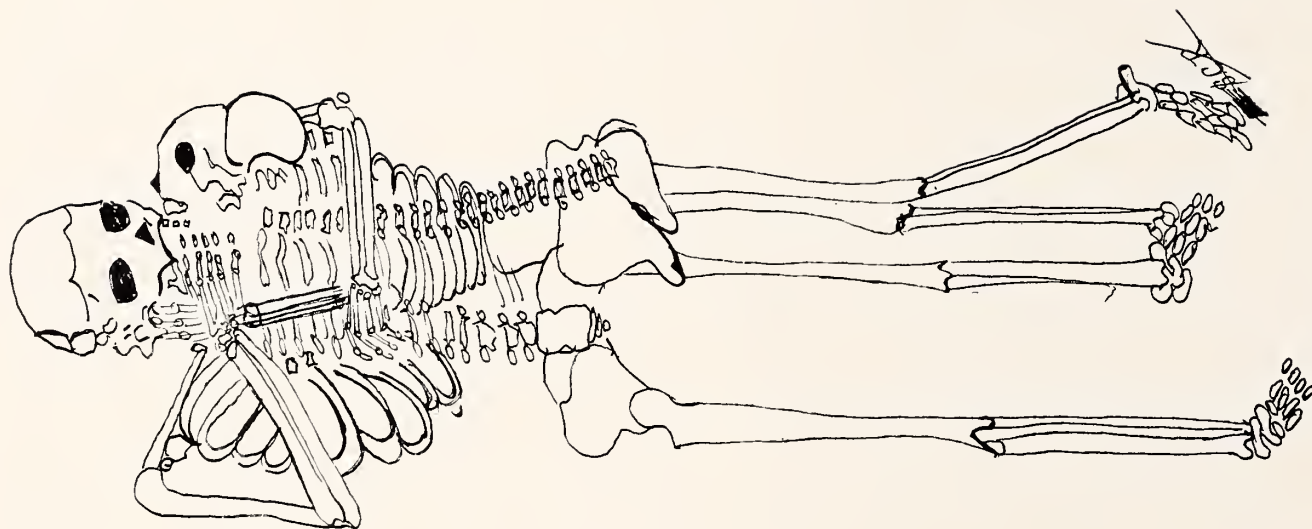
Sh—h! "K. K." (senior to probie)—"What is
that?"

When a yardstick was used in chapel instead
of prayers?

When dancing was prohibited on account of a
drugget?

When Miss Mann was not singing?

FEBRUARY, 1922—"THE GREAT EXODUS"?



Human Skeletons



FIRST AID

What would you do if you saw—

Dr. Goodwin without a bouquet?
Dr. Bell forgetting to twirl his watch chain?
Miss Park off her dignity?
Miss Johnson in a hurry?
Miss Richbourn forgetting to look pleasant?
Miss King forgetting to say "Have mercy!"
Miss Senter taking life seriously?
Miss Smith singing?
Miss Bradley let a day pass and not call "774"?
Miss Winston without her rouge?
Miss Williams with her hair under control?
Miss White getting thin?
Miss Huntley not hungry?
Miss Duke forgetting to write Chapel Hill?
Miss Mann keeping appointments with the Superintendent?
Miss Waddell not talking?
Miss Davis not calling "Jeff"?
Miss Furr not worrying?
Miss Cooke without a doll?
Miss Gatewood when she didn't want to dance?
Miss Fuller not wound up?
Miss Hunt minus a basket?
Dr. Lawrence forgetting to say "Hello!"
Dr. Dewar remembering where he left his bag?
Dr. West wearing a hat?

Dr. Campbell not asking questions?
Miss Woodall forgetting the narcotic key?
Miss Wright without her tan cape?
Mrs. Winkleman forgetting the 10 p. m. bell?
Miss Berger not saying "*The Rex Hospital*"?
Miss Richardson when she refused to use the paint brush?
Miss Cole getting angry?
Dr. Paul Neal frustrated?
Dr. Abernathy keeping early hours?
Dr. C. B. Wilkerson not ordering Fleets Phospho Soda at 6 a. m.?
Dr. McGee not being courteous?
Dr. McKee forgetting nicknames?
Dr. Wright pale and weary?
Dr. Bonner when he does not "Hope you're well today"?
Dr. Carroll forgetting her babies?
Dr. Hicks not asking for Argyrol?
Dr. Knox forgetting to keep appointments on time?

ETHER

E—Stands for ether, the professional perfume,
It gives such an odor of class to the room;
T—Stands for the time it keeps you asleep,
While all your secrets from your brain do creep;
H—For how sweetly "she" talks as you go—
Such as, "Dear, be quiet; now don't act so."
E—Stands for your eyes, their light divine
gone; and
R—Stands for right again; how you wish you
were home.



US AS PROBIES

In Rex Training School, it's always a rule
That seniors come first in line,
So we stand apart with very good heart
To give them their place in a rhyme.

Miss Kermon, you know, is not very slow
To catch the new songs of the day;
With deft fingers and bold, both new songs and
old,
She complies when we ask her to play.

Miss Taylor—it's right—is not very light,
But that differs not in a dance;
With regards to physique and concealed fra-
gility,
As a detective, Miss Taylor has proven her
ability.

Miss Scoggin, with her glasses, in looks she
just passes;
But she is so good, what does it matter?
We all love her truly; success will come surely,
Tho' at present we wish she were fatter.

Miss Clark has a spark of fire, it is true,
But she keeps it controlled and hidden away,
So we never guessed where it is at rest
Unless some evil darkens the day.

Next is "Bill" Williams; you'd think she's a
villain;
She curses and swears like a sailor;
With excepting that, she's not a whit bad,
And to any discouraged probater
She does her full duty to prove there's beauty
In the profession they're to follow up later.

Several compliments are due to our beautiful
Sue;

Shall we enumerate a few?
She is gifted in art and composes equally well;
She sings and she dances, her beau she en-
trances;
That's enough now lest her head swell.

If you want to look prissy or exceedingly sissy,
Miss Walton can teach you how;
She is very concise and always looks nice,
So to her we make our best bow.

No one possesses as pleasant a face,
Nor as winning a smile,
As our dear Miss Grace;
By all her patients she is ardently adored,
And it seems impossible for her to be bored.

With Miss Journey I've thought in each word
I've brought,
I find no rhyme for her name,
But that shall not hinder,
Because she's pretty and good just the same.

With unconcealed audacity and very sure
veracity,
Miss Seymour her ability displays;
As an official imitator, in waltz or decator,
She wins the appraise of the days.

With a tinkling foot and a get-there eye,
Judy Cabe would win, else would die;
She loves and she hates;
She laughs and she works,
Has plenty of dates,
And her work never shirks.



With those true-blue eyes and lips without dies,
Miss Bailey can win any heart;
She shares all our pleasures; in work does her
measure,
And never finds fault with her part.

Our fat Eulalia has a Cupid's dart shot straight
through the middle of her heart;
She grins on her patients;
She smiles on the nurses,
And at every spare moment her lover re-
hearses.

If you want sunshine's rays on bright or cloudy
days,
Miss Richbrough can furnish the same;
But she's stubborn as they make 'em and quite
ready to shake 'em
Should any one dare spoil her game.

Little brown-eyed Johnnie would make hits in
Kilarnie,
Where every one does as he choose;
But where Americans of vigor are at work like
a trigger,
Little Johnnie has not time to snooze.

Little Miss Fowler would be a howler, but time
and she are not friends;
In the classroom or hall,
To bed or to rise,
She can't understand why "time" always flies.

Miss King can succeed at anything good,
But she likes her beau to be "Allwood";
She also possesses a glorious crown
Of the most golden hue which can be found.

To Miss Williams in blue, her profession is true,
But her way she can hardly see
As she answers the lights from morning till
night,
She wonders what three years will be.

I'LL TELL THE WORLD

Gee! but it's a hell of a life
When you have spent an hour under a knife;
When you come out you wish you were under;
You beg for water, they give you ice—
Just one teaspoonful, and say, "Isn't that nice?"

For breakfast they give you Cream of Wheat;
For dinner they give you soup to eat;
For supper they give you apples, stewed;
I'd feed them to flies if it wouldn't be rude.

All day long you wish it was night;
All night long you wish it was light;
Over the room you let your eyes roam,
Wishing to goodness you were back home.

With a timid touch, you ring your bell;
If you ring it hard you might catch hell;
Then you ring again, and then some more,
Then you go to sleep and begin to snore.
About half-past four some sweet young thing
Wakes you up. Says, "Pardon, did you ring?"

The quack comes around each day to say:
"Guess you feel like going home today!"
It's a great life and costs lots of tin,
So in the future I'll let my insides stay in.



READ OUR ADS

WANTED—Something for the operating room nurses to do.—DR. HUGH THOMPSON.

FOR SALE—A perfectly good, three-year-old hairbrush, having been used only 1,095 times per year.—DR. BENJAMIN LAWRENCE.

LOST—A few “damns.”—DR. L. N. WEST.

WANTED—An emergency appendectomy.—DR. T. E. WILKERSON.

WANTED—An automatic breathing apparatus for all tonsillectomy cases.—DR. M. R. GIBSON.

FOR SALE—A beautiful wilted boquet.—DR. A. W. GOODWIN.

FOR SALE—A dependable sarcasm encyclopedia.—DR. THOMPSON.

WANTED—To know the contents of the thoracic cavity.—DR. K. P. NEAL.

FOR SALE—Some new experiments which have been thoroughly tested.—DR. ELMER WARING.

WANTED—Some sterile alcohol.—DR. A. S. ROOT.

LOST—A perfectly good disposition while in the operating room.—DR. R. H. FREEMAN.

FOR SALE—Two spraddle-legged tonsil forceps. See DR. JOHNNIE B. WRIGHT.

FOR SALE—A swing-tailed preacher’s coat.—DR. C. B. WILKERSON.

POSITION WANTED—By brilliant and experienced new physician to examine all hospital patients from a medical standpoint.—DR. “BILL” DEWAR.

WANTED—A lactic acid milk dairy.—DR. A. S. ROOT.

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The world grows brighter year by year
Because some nurse, in her little sphere,
Puts on her apron and grins and sings
And keeps on doing the same old things—
Taking the temperatures, giving the pills
To remedy mankind’s numerous ills,
Feeding the baby, answering the bells,
Being polite with a heart that rebels,
Longing for home and all the while
Wearing the same old professional smile;
Blessing the new-born babe’s first breath,
Closing the eyelids that are still in death,
Taking the blame for the doctor’s mistakes;
Oh! dear, what a lot of patience it takes.

Going off duty at seven o’clock,
Tired, discouraged, just ready to drop,
But called back on “Special” at seven-fifteen,
With a woe in her heart, but it must not be seen.

Morning, evening, noon and night,
Just doing it over and hoping it’s right.
When we lay down our caps and cross the bar,
Oh, Lord, will you give us just one little star
To wear in our caps with uniform new
In that city above where our head nurse is You?



Class Will and Testament

We, the Senior Class of Rex Hospital Training School for Nurses, Raleigh, North Carolina, do make and hereby set our seal upon this last will and testament, to be read and carried out as follows:

ITEM 1—We do hereby give and bequeath to our successors, the Intermediates, all our Senior privileges and dignity, etc.

ITEM 2—I, Nora Park, do give and bestow upon the Probies my professionalism and speed.

ITEM 3—I, Vivian Johnson, give my good looks to whomsoever may have a desire for them.

ITEM 4—I, Viola King, bestow my beautiful blonde hair to any unfortunate brunette who desires a change of color.

ITEM 5—I, Amelia Richbrough, do respectfully bestow upon Miss Ida Williams my capacity for falling in love.

ITEM 6—We also will the Hospital orderlies the privilege of posing on the front page of next year's Annual.

Signed and sealed, this the tenth day of May, nineteen hundred and twenty-three.



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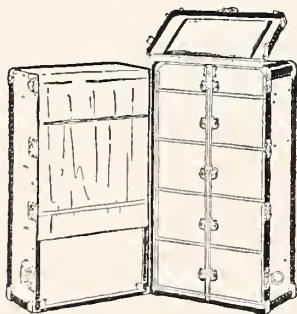
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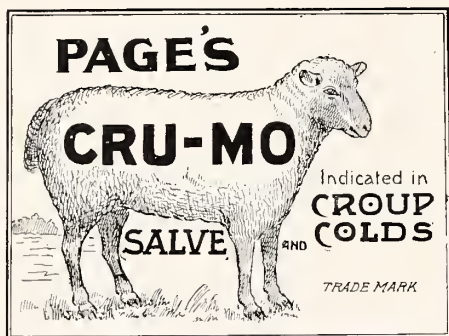
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